

H Y M N S

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P R O S E

F O R

B. A. L. K.

C H I L D R E N.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

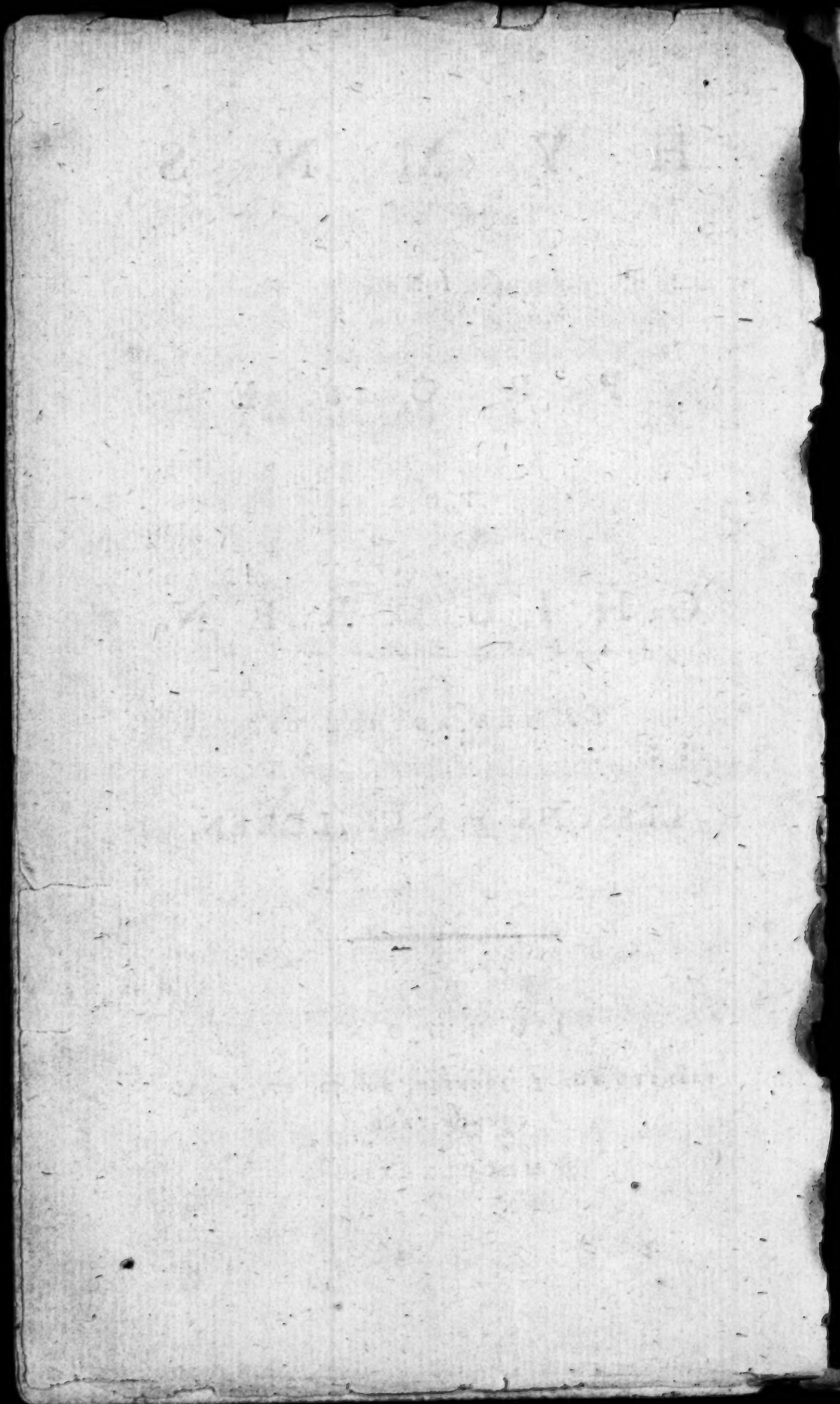
LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

by A. L. Barbauld

L O N D O N :

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P R E F A C E.

*A*MONG the number of Books
composed for the use of Children;
though there are many, and some on
a very rational plan, which unfold
the system, and give a summary of
the doctrines of religion; it would
be difficult to find one calculated to
assist them in the devotional part of
it, except indeed Dr. Watts' Hymns

for Children. *These are in pretty general use, and the author is deservedly honoured for the condescension of his Muse, which was very able to take a loftier flight. But it may well be doubted, whether poetry ought to be lowered to the capacities of children, or whether they should not rather be kept from reading verse, till they are able to relish good verse: for the very essence of poetry is an elevation in thought and style above the common standard; and if it wants this character, it wants all that renders it valuable.*

The

P R E F A C E. v

The Author of these Hymns has therefore chosen to give them in prose. They are intended to be committed to memory, and recited. And it will probably be found, that the measured prose in which such pieces are generally written, is nearly as agreeable to the ear as a more regular rhythmus. Many of these Hymns are composed in alternate parts, which will give them something of the spirit of social worship.

The peculiar design of this publication is, to impress devotional feelings as early as possible on the infant mind ;

mind; fully convinced as the author is, that they cannot be impressed too soon, and that a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when he had no such idea—to impress them by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects; with all that he sees, all he hears, all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight; and thus by deep, strong, and permanent associations, to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life. For he who has early been accustomed to see the Creator in the visible appearances of all around him,

P R E F A C E vii

him, to feel his continual presence, and lean upon his daily protection—though his religious ideas may be mixed with many improprieties, which his correcter reason will refine away—has made large advances towards that habitual piety, without which religion can scarcely regulate the conduct, and will never warm the heart.

A. L. B.

H Y M N S

IN PROSE FOR

C H I L D R E N.

H Y M N I.

COME, let us praise
God, for he is exceed-
ing great; let us bless God,
for he is very good.

B

He

He made all things; the
sun to rule the day, the moon
to shine by night.

He made the great whale,
and the elephant; and the
little worm that crawleth on
the ground.

The little birds sing praises
to God, when they warble
sweetly in the green shade.

The

The brooks and rivers praise
 God; when they murmur me-
 lodiously amongst the smooth
 pebbles.

I will praise God with my
 voice; for I may praise him,
 though I am but a little child.

A few years ago, and I
 was a little infant, and my
 tongue was dumb within my
 mouth:

And I did not know the
great name of God, for my
reason was not come unto me.

But now I can speak, and
my tongue shall praise him;
I can think of all his kind-
ness, and my heart shall love
him.

Let him call me, and I
will come unto him: let
him

him command, and I will
obey him.

When I am older, I will
praise him better; and I will
never forget God, so long as
my life remaineth in me.

H Y M N II.

COME, let us go forth
into the fields, let us
see how the flowers spring,

let us listen to the warbling
of the birds, and sport our-
selves upon the new grass.

The winter is over and
gone, the buds come out
upon the trees, the crimson
blossoms of the peach and
the nectarine are seen, and
the green leaves sprout.

The hedges are bordered
with tufts of primroses, and
yellow

yellow cowslips that hang
down their heads; and the
blue violet lies hid beneath
the shade.

The young goslings are
running upon the green, they
are just hatched, their bodies
are covered with yellow down;
the old ones hiss with anger
if any one comes near.

The hen sits upon her
nest of straw, she watches
patiently

patiently the full time, then
 she carefully breaks the shell,
 and the young chickens come
 out.

The lambs just dropt are
 in the field, they totter by
 the side of their dams, their
 young limbs can hardly sup-
 port their weight.

If you fall, little lambs,
 you will not be hurt; there
 is spread under you a carpet
 of

of soft grass, it is spread on
purpose to receive you.

Thank him with our tongues;

The butterflies flutter from
bush to bush, and open their
wings to the warm sun.

The birds can warble, and

The young animals of every
kind are sporting about, they
feel themselves happy, they
are glad to be alive, — they
thank him that has made
them alive.

mid

They

They may thank him in
 their hearts, but we can
 thank him with our tongues;
 we are better than they, and
 can praise him better.

The birds can warble, and
 the young lambs can bleat;
 but we can open our lips in
 his praise, we can speak of
 all his goodness.

Therefore we will thank
 him

him for ourselves, and we
will thank him for those that
cannot speak.

Trees that blossom, and
little lambs that skip about,
if you could, you would say
how good he is; but you
are dumb, we will say it for
you.

We will not offer you in
sacrifice, but we will offer
sacrifice

sacrifice for you, on every
hill, and in every green field,
we will offer the sacrifice of
thanksgiving, and the incense
of praise.

H Y M N. III.

BEHOLD the Shepherd
of the flock, he taketh
care for his sheep, he lead-
eth them among clear brooks,
he

he guideth them to fresh
pasture ; if the young lambs
are weary, he carrieth them
in his arms ; if they wander,
he bringeth them back.

But who is the shepherd's
shepherd ? who taketh care
for him ? who guideth him
in the path he should go ?
and if he wander, who shall
bring him back ?

C

God

God is the shepherd's shepherd. He is the Shepherd over all; he taketh care for all; the whole earth is his fold: we are all his flock; and every herb, and every green field is the pasture which he hath prepared for us.

The mother loveth her little child; she bringeth it up on her knees; she nourisheth its body with food; she feedeth

feedeth its mind with knowledge: if it is sick, she nurseth it with tender love; she watcheth over it when asleep; she forgetteth it not for a moment; she teacheth it how to be good; she rejoiceth daily in its growth.

But who is the parent of the mother? who nourisheth her with good things, and watcheth over her with ten-

der love, and remembereth
her every moment? Whose
arms are about her to guard
her from harm? and if she is
sick, who shall heal her.

God is the parent of the
mother; he is the parent of
all, for he created all. All
the men, and all the women
who are alive in the wide
world, are his children; he
loveth all, he is good to all.

The

The king governeth his people ; he hath a golden crown upon his head, and the royal sceptre is in his hand ; he sitteth upon a throne, and sendeth forth his commands ; his subjects fear before him ; if they do well, he protecteth them from danger ; and if they do evil, he punisheth them.

But who is the sovereign

of the king ? who command-
eth him what he must do ?
whose hand is stretched out
to protect him from danger ?
and if he doeth evil, who
shall punish him ?

God is the sovereign of the
king ; his crown is of rays of
light, and his throne is
amongst the stars. He is
King of kings, and Lord of
lords : if he biddeth us live,
we

we live; and if he biddeth us die, we die: his dominion is over all worlds, and the light of his countenance is upon all his works.

God is our Shepherd, therefore we will follow him: God is our Father, therefore we will love him: God is our King, therefore we will obey him.

H Y M N

H Y M N IV.

C O M E, and I will shew
you what is beautiful.

It is a rose fully blown. See
how she sits upon her mossy
stem, like the queen of all the
flowers ! her leaves glow like
fire ; the air is filled with her
sweet odour ; she is the de-
light of every eye.

She

She is beautiful, but there
 is a fairer than she. He that
 made the rose, is more beau-
 tiful than the rose: he is all
 lovely; he is the delight of
 every heart.

I will shew you what is
 strong. The lion is strong;
 when he raiseth up himself
 from his lair, when he
 shaketh his mane, when the
 voice of his roaring is heard,
 the

the cattle of the field fly,
and the wild beasts of the
desart hide themselves, for
he is very terrible.

The lion is strong, but he
that made the lion is stronger
than he : his anger is terri-
ble; he could make us die in
a moment, and no one could
save us out of his hand.

I will shew you what is
glorious.

glorious. The sun is glorious. When he shineth in the clear sky, when he sitteth on his bright throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over all the earth, he is the most excellent and glorious creature the eye can behold.

The sun is glorious, but he that made the sun is more glorious than he. The eye beholdeth him not, for his
bright-

brightness is more dazzling than we could bear. He seeth in all dark places ; by night as well as by day ; and the light of his countenance is over all his works.

Who is this great name, and what is he called, that my lips may praise him ?

This great name is GOD.
He made all things, but he is
himself

himself more excellent than
all which he hath made :
they are beautiful, but he is
beauty ; they are strong, but
he is strength ; they are per-
fect, but he is perfection.

HYMN V.

THE glorious sun is set
in the west ; the night-
dews fall ; and the air which
was sultry, becomes cool.

D

The

The flowers fold up their coloured leaves ; they fold themselves up, and hang their heads on the slender stalk.

The chickens are gathered under the wing of the hen, and are at rest : the hen herself is at rest also.

The little birds have ceased their warbling ; they are asleep on the boughs, each

each one with his head be-
hind his wing.

There is no murmur of
bees around the hive, or
amongst the honeyed wood-
bines; they have done their
work, and lie close in their
waxen cells.

The sheep rest upon their
soft fleeces, and their loud

D 2

bleat-

bleating is no more heard
amongst the hills.

There is no sound of a
number of voices, or of chil-
dren at play, or the tramp-
ling of busy feet, and of peo-
ple hurrying to and fro.

The smith's hammer is not
heard upon the anvil; nor
the harsh saw of the car-
penter.

All

All men are stretched on
their quiet beds ; and the
child sleeps upon the breast
of its mother.

Darkness is spread over the
skies, and darkness is upon
the ground ; every eye is shut,
and every hand is still.

Who taketh care of all
people when they are sunk
in sleep ; when they cannot

defend

defend themselves, nor see if
danger approacheth?

There is an eye that never
sleepeth ; there is an eye that
seeth in dark night, as well
as in the bright sun-shine.

When there is no light of
the sun, nor of the moon ;
when there is no lamp in the
house, nor any little star
twinkling through the thick
clouds ;

clouds; that eye seeth every
where, in all places, and
watcheth continually over all
the families of the earth.

The eye that sleepeth not
is God's; his hand is always
stretched out over us.

He made sleep to refresh
us when we are weary: he
made night, that we might
sleep in quiet.

As

As the mother moveth
 about the house with her
 finger on her lips, and stilleth
 every little noise, that her
 infant be not disturbed ; as
 she draweth the curtains
 around its bed, and shutteth
 out the light from its tender
 eyes ; so God draweth the
 curtains of darkness around
 us ; so he maketh all things
 to be hushed and still, that

his

his large family may sleep in
peace.

Labourers spent with toil,
and young children, and every
little humming insect, sleep
quietly, for God watcheth
over you.

You may sleep, for he
never sleeps : you may close
your eyes in safety, for his
eye

eye is always open to protect
you.

When the darkness is pas-
sed away, and the beams of the
morning-sun strike through
your eye-lids, begin the day
with praising God, who hath
taken care of you through the
night.

Flowers, when you open
again,

again, spread your leaves, and
smell sweet to his praise.

Birds, when you awake,
warble your thanks amongst
the green boughs; sing to
him, before you sing to your
mates.

Let his praise be in our
hearts, when we lie down;
let his praise be on our lips,
when we awake.

H Y M N

HYMN VI.

CHILD of reason, whence
 comest thou? What has
 thine eye observed, and whi-
 ther has thy foot been wan-
 dering?

I have been wandering
 along the meadows, in the
 thick grass; the cattle were
 feeding around me, or re-
 posing

posing in the cool shade; the
 corn sprung up in the fur-
 rows; the poppy and the hare-
 bell grew among the wheat;
 the fields were bright with
 summer, and glowing with
 beauty.

Didst thou see nothing
 more? Didst thou observe
 nothing beside? Return again,
 child of reason, for there are
 greater things than these.

—God was among the fields;
and didst thou not perceive
him? his beauty was upon
the meadows; his smile en-
livened the sun-shine.

I have walked through the
thick forest; the wind whis-
pered among the trees; the
brook fell from the rocks with
a pleasant murmur; the
squirrel leapt from bough to
bough; and the birds sung

God

E

to

to each other amongst the
branches.

Didst thou hear nothing,
but the murmur of the brook?
no whispers, but the whif-
pers of the wind? Return
again, child of reason, for
there are greater things than
these.—God was amongst the
trees; his voice founded in
the murmur of the water;
his music warbled in the
E 2 shade;

shade; and didst thou not
attend?

I saw the moon rising behind the trees: it was like a lamp of gold. The stars one after another appeared in the clear firmament. Presently I saw black clouds arise, and roll towards the south; the lightning streamed in thick flashes over the sky; the thunder growled at a distance;
it

it came nearer, and I felt
afraid, for it was loud and
terrible.

Did thy heart feel no ter-
ror, but of the thunderbolt?
Was there nothing bright and
terrible, but the lightning?
Return, O child of reason,
for there are greater things
than these.—God was in the
storm, and didst thou not
perceive him? His ter-

rors were abroad, and did
not thine heart acknowledge
him ?

God is in every place ; he
speaks in every sound we hear ;
he is seen in all that our eyes
behold : nothing, O child
of reason, is without God ;
—let God therefore be in all
thy thoughts.

H Y M N VII.

COME, let us go into
the thick shade, for it
is the noon of day, and the
summer sun beats hot upon
our heads.

The shade is pleasant, and
cool ; the branches meet
above our heads, and shut
out the sun, as with a green
curtain :

curtain ; the grass is soft to
our feet, and a clear brook
washes the roots of the trees.

The sloping bank is covered
with flowers : let us
lie down upon it ; let us
throw our limbs on the fresh
grass, and sleep ; for all
things are still, and we are
quite alone.

The cattle can lie down
to

to sleep in the cool shade,
 but we can do what is bet-
 ter ; we can raise our voices
 to heaven ; we can praise
 the great God who made us.
 He made the warm sun, and
 the cool shade ; the trees that
 grow upwards, and the brooks
 that run murmuring along.
 All the things that we see are
 his work.

Can we raise our voices up
 to

to the high heaven? can we
 make him hear who is above
 the stars? We need not raise
 our voices to the stars, for he
 heareth us when we only
 whisper; when we breathe
 out words softly with a low
 voice. He that filleth the
 heavens is here also.

May we that are so young,
 speak to him that always was?

May

May we that can hardly
speak plain, speak to God?

We that are so young, are
but lately made alive; there-
fore we should not forget his
forming hand, who hath made
us alive. We that cannot speak
plain, should lisp out praises
to him who teacheth us how
to speak, and hath opened
our dumb lips.

When

When we could not think of him, he thought of us; before we could ask him to bless us, he had already given us many blessings.

He fashioneth our tender limbs, and causeth them to grow; he maketh us strong, and tall, and nimble.

Every day we are more active than the former day,
 there-

therefore every day we ought
to praise him better than the
former day.

The buds spread into leaves,
and the blossoms swell to
fruit ; but they know not
how they grow, nor who
caused them to spring up
from the bosom of the earth.

Ask them, if they will tell
thee ; bid them break forth

F

into

into singing, and fill the air
with pleasant sounds.

They smell sweet; they
look beautiful; but they are
quite silent: no sound is in
the still air; no murmur
of voices amongst the green
leaves.

The plants and the trees
are made to give fruit to man;
but

but man is made to praise
God who made him.

We love to praise him, be-
cause he loveth to bless us;
we thank him for life, be-
cause it is a pleasant thing to
be alive.

We love God, who hath
created all beings; we love
all beings, because they are
the creatures of God.

We cannot be good, as
 God is good, to all persons
 every where ; but we can re-
 joice, that every where there
 is a God to do them good.

We will think of God
 when we play, and when we
 work ; when we walk out,
 and when we come in ; when
 we sleep, and we wake,
 his praise shall dwell conti-
 nually upon our lips.

H Y M N

H Y M N VIII.

SEE where stands the cot-
 tage of the labourer,
 covered with warm thatch;
 the mother is spinning at the
 door; the young children
 sport before her on the grass;
 the elder ones learn to labour,
 and are obedient; the father
 worketh to provide them
 food: either he tilleth the
 F 3 ground,

ground, or he gathereth in the
 corn, or shaketh his ripe apples
 from the tree: his children run
 to meet him when he cometh
 home, and his wife prepareth
 the wholesome meal.

The father, the mother,
 and the children, make a fa-
 mily; the father is the master
 thereof. If the family is nu-
 merous, and the grounds
 large, there are servants to
 help

help to do the work : All
 these dwell in one house ;
 they sleep beneath one roof ;
 they eat of the same bread ;
 they kneel down together and
 praise God every night and
 every morning with one
 voice ; they are very closely
 united, and are dearer to each
 other than any strangers. If
 one is sick, they mourn to-
 gether ; and if one is happy,
 they rejoice together.

Many

Many houses are built together; many families live near one another; they meet together on the green, and in pleasant walks, and to buy and sell, and in the house of justice; and the sound of the bell calleth them to the house of God, in company. If one is poor, his neighbour helpeth him; if he is sad, he comforteth him. This is a village; see where it stands enclosed

closed in a green shade, and the tall spire peeps above the trees. If there be very

many houses, it is a town—it is governed by a magistrate.

Many towns, and a large extent of country, make a kingdom: it is enclosed by mountains; it is divided by rivers; it is washed by seas; the inhabitants thereof are countrymen; they speak the same language;

language ; they make war
and peace together—a king
is the ruler thereof.

Many kingdoms, and coun-
tries full of people, and
islands, and large continents,
and different climates, make
up this whole world—God
governeth it. The people
swarm upon the face of it
like ants upon a hillock :
some are black with the hot
sun ;

sun ; some cover themselves
 with furs against the sharp
 cold ; some drink of the
 fruit of the vine ; some the
 pleasant milk of the cocoa-
 nut ; and others quench their
 thirst with the running stream.

All are God's family ; he
 knoweth every one of them,
 as a shepherd knoweth his
 flock : they pray to him in
 different languages, but he
 under-

understandeth them all ; he
 heareth them all ; he taketh
 care of all ; none are so great,
 that he cannot punish them ;
 none are so mean, that he
 will not protect them.

• Negro woman, who fitteſt
 pining in captivity, and weep-
 eſt over thy ſick child ;
 though no one ſeeth thee,
 God ſeeth thee ; though no
 one pitieth thee, God pitieth
 thee ;

thee: raise thy voice, forlorn
and abandoned one; call up-
on him from amidst thy
bonds, for assuredly he will
hear thee.

Monarch, that rulest over
an hundred states; whose
frown is terrible as death,
and whose armies cover the
land, boast not thyself as
though there were none above
thee:—God is above thee;

G

his

his powerful arm is always over thee ; and if thou doest ill, assuredly he will punish thee.

Nations of the earth, fear the Lord ; families of men, call upon the name of your God.

Is there any one whom God hath not made ? let him not worship him : is there
any

any one whom he hath not
blessed? let him not praise
him.

H Y M N IX.

COME, let us walk
abroad; let us talk of
the works of God.

Take up a handful of the
sand; number the grains of

G 2

it;

it ; tell them one by one into
your lap.

Try if you can count the
blades of grafs in the field,
or the leaves on the trees.

You cannot count them,
they are innumerable ; much
more the things which God
has made.

The fir groweth on the
high

high mountain, and the grey
willow bends above the
stream.

The thistle is armed with
sharp prickles; the mallow
is soft and woolly.

The hop layeth hold with
her tendrils, and claspeth the
tall pole; the oak hath firm
root in the ground, and re-
sisteth the winter storm.

The daify enamelleth the meadows, and groweth beneath the foot of the passenger: the tulip asketh a rich foil, and the careful hand of the gardener.

The iris and the reed spring up in the marsh; the rich grafs covereth the meadows; and the purple heath-flower enliveneth the waste ground.

The

The water-lilies grow beneath the stream ; their broad leaves float on the surface of the water : the wall-flower takes root in the hard stone, and spreads its fragrance amongst broken ruins.

Every leaf is of a different form ; every plant hath a separate inhabitant.

Look

Look at the thorns that
are white with blossoms, and
the flowers that cover the
fields, and the plants that
are trodden in the green path.
The hand of man hath not
planted them ; the fower
hath not scattered the feeds
from his hand, nor the gar-
dener digged a place for them
with his spade.

Some grow on steep rocks,
where

where no man can climb; in
 shaking bogs, and deep fo-
 rests, and desert islands: they
 spring up every where, and
 cover the bosom of the whole
 earth.

Who causeth them to grow
 every where, and bloweth
 the feeds about in winds, and
 mixeth them with the mould,
 and watereth them with soft
 rains, and cherisheth them
 with

with dews ? Who fanneth
 them with the pure breath of
 Heaven ; and giveth them
 colours, and smells, and
 spreadeth out their thin
 transparent leaves ?

How doth the rose draw
 its crimson from the dark
 brown earth, or the lily its
 shining white ? How can
 a small seed contain a plant ?
 How doth every plant know
 its

its season to put forth? They are marshalled in order: each one knoweth his place, and standeth up in his own rank.

The snow-drop, and the primrose, make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When the spring cometh, they say, here we are! The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year; and the hardy

hardy laurustinus cheereth
the winter months.

Every plant produceth its
like. An ear of corn will
not grow from an acorn ; nor
will a grape stone produce
cherries ; but every one
springeth from its proper
seed.

Who preserveth them alive
through the cold of winter,
when

when the snow is on the ground, and the sharp frost bites on the plain? Who saveth a small seed, and a little warmth in the bosom of the earth, and causeth them to spring up afresh, and sap to rise through the hard fibres?

The trees are withered, naked, and bare; they are like dry bones. Who breath-

H eth

eth on them with the breath of spring, and they are covered with verdure, and green leaves sprout from the dead wood ?

Lo, these are a part of his works ; and a little portion of his wonders.

There is little need that I should tell you of God, for every thing speaks of him.

Every

Every field is like an open
book ; every painted flower
hath a lesson written on its
leaves.

Every murmuring brook
hath a tongue ; a voice is
in every whispering wind.

They all speak of him who
made them ; they all tell
us, he is very good.

H 2

We

We cannot see God, for
 he is invisible; but we can
 see his works, and worship
 his foot-steps in the green
 sod.

They that know the most,
 will praise God the best; but
 which of us can number half
 his works?

H Y M N

HYMN X.

CHILD of mortality,
 whence comest thou?
 why is thy countenance sad,
 and why are thine eyes red
 with weeping?

I have seen the rose in its
 beauty; it spread its leaves
 to the morning sun—I re-
 turned, it was dying upon its

H 3 stalk;

stalk ; the grace of the form of it was gone ; its loveliness was vanished away ; the leaves thereof were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain ; its branches were covered with verdure ; its boughs spread wide and made a goodly shadow ; the trunk was like a strong pillar ; the
roots

roots were like crooked fangs.

—I returned, the verdure was
nipt by the east wind; the
branches were lopt away by
the ax; the worm had made
its way into the trunk, and
the heart thereof was decayed;
it mouldered away, and fell
to the ground.

I have seen the insects
sporting in the sun-shine, and
darting along the stream;
their

their wings glittered with gold and purple ; their bodies shone like the green emerald : they were more numerous than I could count ; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance—I returned, they were brushed into the pool ; they were perishing with the evening breeze ; the swallow had devoured them ; the pike had seized

seized them: there were none
found of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the
pride of his strength; his
cheeks glowed with beauty;
his limbs were full of activity;
he leaped; he walked; he
ran; he rejoiced in that he
was more excellent than those
—I returned, he lay stiff and
cold on the bare ground; his
feet could no longer move,
nor

nor his hands stretch themselves out ; his life was departed from him ; and the breath out of his nostrils : —therefore do I weep, because DEATH is in the world ; the spoiler is among the works of God : all that is made, must be destroyed ; all that is born, must die.

HYMN

H Y M N XI.

I HAVE seen the flower
withering on the stalk,
and its bright leaves spread
on the ground—I looked
again, and it sprung forth
afresh; the stem was crowned
with new buds, and the sweet-
ness therefore filled the air.

I have

I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon : there was no colour, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music ; gloom and darkness brooded around—I looked, the sun broke forth again from the east, and gilded the mountain tops ; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

I have

I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat : it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone ; it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move — I looked again, it had burst its tomb ; it was full of life, and sailed on coloured wings through the soft air ; it rejoiced in its new being.

I

Thus

Thus shall it be with thee,
O man ! and so shall thy life
be renewed.

Beauty shall spring up out
of ashes, and life out of the
dust.

A little while shalt thou
lie in the ground, as the
seed lieth in the bosom of the
earth : but thou shalt be
raised again ; and, if thou
art

art good, thou shalt never die
any more.

Who is he that cometh to
burst open the prison doors
of the tomb ; to bid the dead
awake, and to gather his re-
deemed from the four winds
of heaven ?

He descendeth on a fiery
cloud ; the sound of a trum-
pet goeth before him ; thou-

bands of angels are on his
right hand.

It is Jesus, the Son of God;
the saviour of men ; the
friend of the good.

He cometh in the glory
of his Father ; he hath re-
ceived power from on high.

Mourn not therefore, child
of immortality!—for the spoiler,
er,

er, the cruel spoiler that laid waste the works of God, is subdued : Jesus hath conquered death :—child of immortality ! mourn no longer.

H Y M N XII.

THE rose is sweet, but
it is furrounded with
thorns : the lily of the valley

I 3

is

is fragrant, but it springeth
up amongst the brambles.

The spring is pleasant, but
it is soon past: the summer
is bright, but the winter de-
stroyeth the beauty thereof.

The rainbow is very glo-
rious, but it soon vanisheth
away: life is good, but it is
quickly swallowed up in
death.

There

There is a land, where the
roses are without thorns,
where the flowers are not
mixed with brambles.

In that land, there is eter-
nal spring, and light without
any cloud.

The tree of life groweth
in the midst thereof; rivers
of pleasures are there, and
flowers that never fade.

Myriads

Myriads of happy spirits
are there, and surround the
throne of God with a perpe-
tual hymn.

The angels with their
golden harps sing praises con-
tinually, and the cherubim
fly on wings of fire !

This country is Heaven :
it is the country of those that
are

are good ; and nothing that
is wicked must inhabit there.

The toad must not spit its
venom amongst turtle doves ;
nor the poisonous hen-bane
grow amongst sweet flowers.

Neither must any one that
doeth ill, enter into that
good land.

This earth is pleasant, for
it

it is God's earth, and it is filled with many delightful things.

But that country is far better: there we shall not grieve any more, nor be sick any more, nor do wrong any more; there the cold of winter shall not wither us, nor the heats of summer scorch us.

In

In that country there are no wars nor quarrels, but all love one another with dear love.

When our parents and friends die, and are laid in the cold ground, we see them here no more ; but there we shall embrace them again, and live with them, and be separated no more.

There

There we shall meet all good men, whom we read of in holy books.

There we shall see Abraham, the called of God, the father of the faithful ; and Moses, after his long wanderings in the Arabian desert ; and Elijah, the prophet of God ; and Daniel, who escaped the lion's den ; and there the son of Jesse, the shepherd

shepherd king, the sweet
finger of Israel.

They loved God on earth ;
they praised him on earth ;
but in that country they will
praise him better, and love
him more.

There we shall see Jesus,
who is gone before us to
that happy place ; and there
we shall behold the glory of
the high God.

K

We

We cannot see him here,
but we will love him here:
we must be now on earth,
but we will often think on
heaven.

That happy land is our
home: we are to be here but
for a little while, and there
for ever, even for ages of
eternal years.

THE END.